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3d Session }

SENATE

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HARRY LANE

(Late a Senator from Oregon)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FIFTH CONGRESS

Proceedings in the Senate
September 16, 1917

Proceedings in the House
May 24, 1917

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING



WASHINGTON
1920

HARRY LANE

Alaska Senator from 1899

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

1897-1898 CONGRESS



Proceedings in the Senate
September 16, 1917

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF
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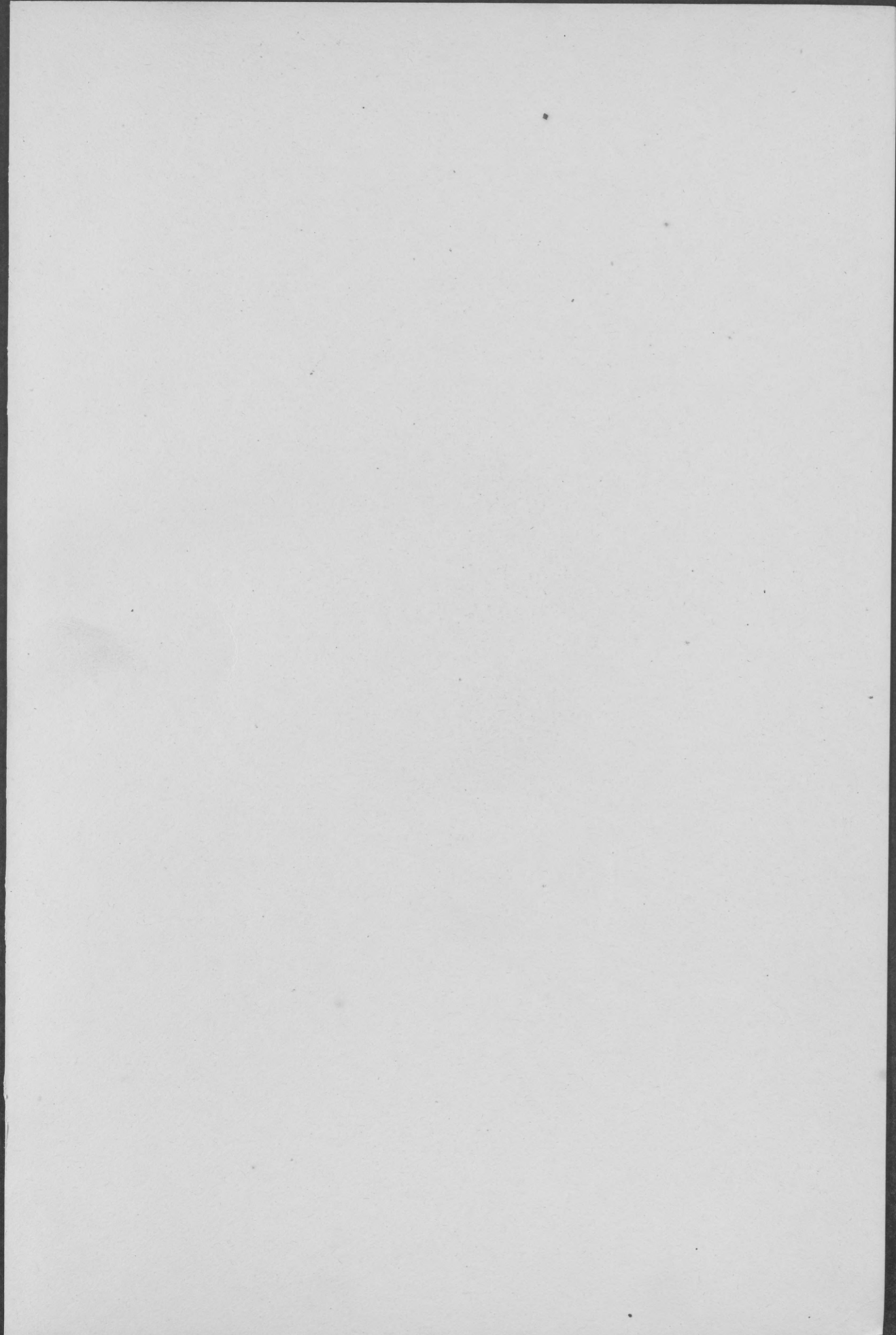
WASHINGTON
1917

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HON. HARRY LANE

DEATH OF HON. HARRY LANE

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

THURSDAY, May 24, 1917.

Rev. Edward King Hardin, of the city of Washington, offered the following prayer:

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, we come to Thee because we realize our need of Thee. We are continually facing tasks and opportunities with which we are utterly unable to cope unless we have power from beyond and above us. But we thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou art ever ready to help, and our hearts are filled with gratitude that we have the privilege of serving a God who is a worker, and whose sympathy is with those who give themselves to the tasks that He has set for men whose hearts are perfect toward Him. And so we pray Thee that we may ever face our work. In the sentiment of that prayer, O Lord, "Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

We meet together this morning, our Father, in the shadow of death; and we humbly pray that as a comrade and fellow worker falls at our side we may be very conscious of Thee, for we realize that it is then that we are brought face to face with the eternal realities of life. We pray that the comforting presence of God may be realized by his sorrowing loved ones, and that in this hour of their deep sorrow and bereavement the consolations of God may be very large with them.

Hear us in this prayer because we ask it in Christ's name. Amen.

The Vice President being absent, the President pro tempore (Mr. Saulsbury) assumed the chair.

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The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr President, it becomes my painful duty to announce the death of my colleague, Senator LANE, which occurred in San Francisco last night while on his way to his home. There was no man in Oregon more loved than he, Mr. President, and while his sturdy, rugged honesty, combined with a fearlessness that ignored consequences to himself, brought him in antagonism with some, yet his enemies were few, indeed, as compared with the host of friends he made during his lifelong residence in his native State. He brought to the discharge of every public duty the best that was in him, and no man, however much we might differ from his views on public questions, ever attributed to him other than the most patriotic purposes.

At some later date I shall ask that the ordinary business of the Senate be laid aside in order that proper respect may be paid to his memory. In the meantime I present the following resolutions and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Secretary will read the resolutions.

The resolutions (S. Res. 68) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to take order for superintending and attending the funeral of the late Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The President pro tempore appointed as the committee of Senators under the second resolution Mr. Chamberlain,

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Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Vardaman, Mr. King, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Gronna, and Mr. Norris.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. President, I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, May 25, 1917, at 12 o'clock meridian.

FRIDAY, *May 25, 1917.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions on the death of Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

MONDAY, *July 9, 1917.*

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate a communication from the Superintendent of the United States Indian Service, regarding the death of Senator LANE, of Oregon. The communication will be incorporated in the Record.

The communication is as follows:

BLACKFEET AGENCY,

Browning, Mont., June 28, 1917.

CLERK OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I transmit herewith copy of the resolutions passed by the business council of the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians on June 2, 1917, regarding the death of the honorable Senator HARRY LANE.

Respectfully,

THOMAS FERRIS, *Superintendent.*

At a session of the business council of the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians duly called by Supt. Thomas Ferris, held on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1917, at Blackfeet Agency, Mont., the following resolutions were duly passed and adopted:

Whereas the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians have heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, a Senator from the State of Oregon; and

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Whereas this tribe of Indians feel that in expressing this mark of respect know how futile it is to address words, idle words, to the family in this moment of supreme anguish, with which it has pleased God to visit the family, and shall not say more than that the loss of pure, good, useful Senator and exponent of justice and fair play for the American Indian is a source of deep sorrow to the numerous friends who have had the privilege of knowing him and to none more than families in deep sympathy and affection; and

Whereas the said late Senator HARRY LANE has done much toward the better treatment of the Indians in general; and

Whereas he was instrumental in the investigation of this reservation and brought to it a better service and improvement in all respects of its economics, social, temporal, industrial activities: Therefore be it

Resolved, That this council communicate these resolutions to the Tomahawk for publication and copies to the family and to the Senate of the United States.

ROBT. J. HAMILTON,
Chairman Blackfeet Business Council.

SATURDAY, July 14, 1917.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Sunday, the 12th day of August, and the hour of 10.30 a. m. of that day, be set apart for holding memorial exercises to commemorate the public services of my late colleague, Senator LANE, of Oregon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Brandegee in the chair). Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Oregon? The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

The order was reduced to writing, as follows:

Ordered, That the Senate convene on Sunday, August 12, 1917, at 10 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., to consider resolutions in commemoration of the life, character, and public services of the late Senator HARRY LANE, of Oregon.

MONDAY, July 23, 1917.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. President, some days ago the Senate fixed August 12 as the time for memorial exercises in memory of my late colleague. I wish to ask unanimous consent that the time be fixed for the 19th of August instead of the 12th.

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The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, it is ordered that the change shall be made.

FRIDAY, August 17, 1917.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. President, the memorial addresses on my late colleague, Senator LANE, were set for next Sunday morning at half past 10 o'clock. Some of the Senators who desire to submit remarks on that occasion have notified me that they will not be able to be here, as they will be engaged in preparation for the discussion of the war-revenue bill. Therefore, in order to accommodate them, I ask that the time for those exercises be changed from next Sunday to the 16th of September at the same hour.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. King in the chair). The notice will be entered.

SUNDAY, September 16, 1917.

The Senate met at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, we come before Thee in the quiet hour of the holy Sabbath Day to worship and to make mention of the character and service of one whom Thou hast called to his final reward. We memorialize the name of a comrade in service who by Thy grace measured up to the responsibility of his office.

We bless Thee that Thou hast ever laid Thy hands upon men who have come up from every part of the country to the central council of the Nation inspired with the ideals of freedom and justice, and that Thou hast kept them true to the traditions of a Nation founded upon the precepts of Thy Holy Word.

We bless Thee for the life and character of the late Senator whose name is mentioned this day, whose service on earth closed with his labors in this Senate. We praise

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Thee that he leaves behind him a sacred memory that will be cherished as long as the country endures. His name will be on the scroll of honor as one pure and steadfast in principle and unyielding in devotion to the truth and to God.

Now, we pray Thee to give to us a solemn sense of the reality of life. Lead us all in the path of duty and prepare us for the final issues for which we must answer before the judgment seat of God. For Christ's sake. Amen.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. President, pursuant to notice heretofore given, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Secretary's desk and ask for their adoption.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

Mr. PRESIDENT: We are here to-day to pay the last sad tribute of respect to our late colleague and friend, HARRY LANE, of Oregon. The best testimonial to his worth, however, is to be found in the love which was entertained for him by his friends and neighbors of a lifetime in the State of his birth and which he in part represented at the time of his death.

HARRY LANE was the product of pioneer days in the West. His grandfather, Gen. Joseph Lane, after participating with marked distinction in the Mexican War, went to Oregon in 1848 as Territorial governor by appointment of President Polk and remained there when the war was over. In 1859, after having served a number of terms as a Delegate in Congress, Gen. Lane was elected to represent his State in this body, and in the presidential election of 1860 was a candidate for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with the late John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Like his grandson, he was possessed of great physical as well as moral courage, and those traits were inherited by and strongly emphasized in our late colleague.

The life of the early pioneer was calculated to develop vigorous minds as well as strong bodies, and HARRY LANE was no exception to the rule. Surrounded as he was by the adventurous spirits of those early days, he imbibed their modes of independent thought and action. As they blazed a trail across miles of desert wastes, over rugged mountains and dangerous and swollen streams, without chart or compass to guide them, in order to establish a civilization in the western wilds, so they were accustomed to reason for themselves and untrammelled by precedent

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to formulate rules and ways of life to suit the new conditions and a strange environment. There were no slackers in that new world of theirs. Every man and every woman had a part to play in the economy of things, and well, indeed, they played it, finally bringing the Oregon country under the American flag, establishing a government of their own in advance of any act of Congress creating a Territorial form of government. Amongst such a people and in such an environment HARRY LANE was born 62 years ago. His birthplace was the then little town of Corvallis, on the banks of the beautiful Willamette, in speaking of which and in portrayal of its beauty a pioneer poet of Oregon said:

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning
Now thy roseate ripples dance,
Golden then, when day, departing,
On thy waters trails his lance.
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Limpid, volatile, and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

Looking out from his humble boyhood home upon the landscape, whether to the east or to the west, his youthful eyes beheld the lofty mountains of the Cascade and Coast Ranges, snow-capped and sun-crowned, clad from base to summit in perpetual green.

I have sometimes thought that much of the rugged honesty of character, thought, and disposition of HARRY LANE was but a reflection of these scenes and of the mountains that were the companions of his youth. For he was the

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very soul of honor, and in the struggles he encountered through life, in the political contests he waged, no one ever at any time questioned the integrity of his motives nor the loftiness of his purposes. Honest, generous HARRY LANE!

O good, great heart that all men knew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true;
Fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew.

Since his death I heard a distinguished gentleman and acquaintance say "Senator LANE was a most lovable character, but I was never quite able to calculate his orbit." That summed up his character in a sentence. No man could, but all who knew him could safely say that, whatever his orbit might be, his direction, his aim, his purpose, was toward the right, toward honesty, toward justice and equality of opportunity to all, to the humblest as to the most exalted.

I first came to know Senator LANE well while he was superintendent of the Oregon Hospital for the Insane, to which position he was appointed by Gov. Sylvester Penoyer. At the time of his appointment he was practicing his profession as a physician at Portland. He immediately set to work to bring about a change in conditions at that institution. He was then, as he always was, restive under restraint. He followed no rule because it was of long standing unless it had merit. He did not believe in the doctrine that what was good enough for the father is good enough for the son. His practice was to follow a general scheme because it was right, and his purpose always was to reach higher ideals and loftier standards. He could never be patient to reach an end by slow degrees. He wanted to reach it at once. For that reason it was hard for him to compromise, and hence he could not do what is usually denominated as teamwork. With the exception of a few occasions when he first came to the

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Senate he did not attend the conferences of his Democratic colleagues, and was therefore at variance with them much of the time. Yet no one questioned his integrity of purpose. Because he saw but one way to accomplish an end he thought everyone ought to see it and reach it by the quickest route. He did not like circumlocation and would not stand for it even if by it he would eventually reach the same goal for which he was striving. So in his conduct of the State hospital he broke through the regulations of a generation of his predecessors and made things unpleasant for the sticklers for precedent. The general result of his incumbency of the position of superintendent was beneficial, and many of the plans formulated by him are still in force. Upon his retirement from this position he resumed the practice of medicine in his home city. He always commanded a large practice, but he never made any money for the simple reason that he would not charge the poor either for services or medicines which he furnished. "His hand was open as the day, and his heart was a great temple in which thronged all the kindly emotions." No man, woman, or child ever came to him suffering or in want that he did not give aid and comfort without money and without price. He was ever ready to give his last penny to one in need or in distress. Is it any wonder, then, that he could not save money at his profession? There are thousands of people living in the West who have benefited by his kindness and generosity and who rise now to call him blessed.

Senator LANE served two terms as mayor of the city of Portland. In one of his contests his opponent was a gentleman who had served as Attorney General of the United States during Gen. Grant's administration and was later appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, failing, however, of confirmation. The contest was a bitter one, but Senator LANE's popularity with the masses and his

promises to reform conditions of municipal life won him a victory. During both his terms he devoted all his energies to carrying out his preelection pledges, and he did make Portland a better place to live in. He drove out the thugs and gamblers and purified districts which prior to his administration had been given over to every form of vice. He made no compromises, but hewed to the line with the sole aim and purpose to correct evils in municipal government, to make the lot of the laboring man easier, to cut out every form of graft, and to see to it that everyone received a square deal at the hands of those in authority. No administration was ever more stormy and none ever so fruitful of beneficent results.

Speaking of his record as mayor and of him as a man, one of the local papers of Portland, shortly after his death, said:

As mayor of Portland he was quick to sense the harmonious relation between powerful figures and the vice ring. With equal celerity he comprehended the inside hold that big institutions maintained in the city and out of which they profited at the expense of the public and the masses.

He was as quick to realize the illegitimate traffic in public contracts, in gambling, and the ruinous effect which invisible government was working in the city. Fearless and free, as courageous as he was honest, Mayor LANE, with these abuses once visualized, was instantly in action, and it was an action from which no friend, no groups of friends, or other human power could stay his hand. With him it was a fight with public wrong, and a fight without compromise, a fight to the death.

The effect of his conflicts with invisible government is beheld in Portland to-day. He opened the closed eyes of the public to what was going on. He threw the searchlight of a pitiless publicity on abuses and practices of whose existence the people had not dreamed. Wherever he found wrong in the municipal structure he smote it and exposed it. Without a LANE, Portland might still be in the mire of those rotten times. His work of reform in the chief city of the State was heard of in rural and remote Oregon and exercised factorship in the great conflict for redeem-

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ing and reclaiming the Commonwealth from the vicious and corrupt influences of the old politics and politicians.

Information that a great conflict was going on to reform its chief city was of psychological value in stimulating reform in the State's public life; for with knowledge that they had an ally waging war at the fountainhead of corruption the reform forces in the country were encouraged to arm for State-wide struggle.

LANE saved to the people many a public right and a deal of public property that was gradually slipping into the hands of private interests. He turned the mood and movements of the community into new plans and purposes.

He organized and captained forces for assaulting the citadels of plunderbunds and for squaring government with the ideals of conscience and honesty.

His two administrations as mayor stand out in Portland annals. They were not inane administrations. They were not, as many administrations have been, forgotten because they stood for nothing. Other mayors came and passed unproclaimed and unobserved because unworthy of comment.

There would have been a third mayoralty for HARRY LANE had he desired it. The people were ready to elect him and many an appeal fell upon his ears for renewal of his candidacy. But he was worn and spent with the incessant, unflagging resistance and assaults of intrenched privilege. He was weary with it all, just as he became wearied and lay down and died amid the pressing responsibilities of the senatorship. He refused the proffered distinction and retired to that privacy of endeavor to which many a public man often turns with keen delight.

Times and events offered HARRY LANE as Senator no such opportunity as came to him as mayor. That he carried into the upper branch of Congress the same innate honesty and fearless conviction that distinguished his public life on lower levels we all know from his independence of action and from his votes on the momentous issues of armed neutrality and a state of war.

It was his alone to pass judgment according to his conscience on those great questions. It was his alone, under his oath, to decide on those tremendous alternatives because it was his alone to assume responsibility for his action.

HARRY LANE chose his course, and proof of how tremendously he viewed the issue is in the fact that he paid for his choice with

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his life. He acted as he believed and acted in the face of an overwhelming opposition.

A country or a people could not ask him to do more. A country or a people can not in honor ask any man to violate his conscience or be dishonest with his convictions. For that reason Senator LANE in the slings and arrows of a partisan and persecuting press encountered an injustice that he did not deserve, and it was an injustice that, in the stress of the time, was followed by a nervous breakdown from which there was no deliverance.

It is a good thing for communities to have Lanes in public life. Straddle-bug politicians who lay low and follow the drift are of no value.

It is men with ideals and spirit and purpose and honesty that make a real career and that leave a lasting impress upon the civic life.

That impress is Senator LANE's monument, and it is a nobler monument than can be raised in bronze or marble.

Senator LANE was elected to the Senate at the fall election in 1912. He showed upon his entrance here the same disregard of precedents that characterized his whole life. He immediately took part in the discussion of great public questions, and upon all occasions showed an intimate acquaintance with men and affairs. He made no pretensions to eloquence and claimed no distinction as an orator. He plunged into the middle of a subject and always contributed to the sum of information upon it. Possessed of a happy way of expressing his views, there was frequently a vein of humor in him that attracted attention and gave pungency to the point he was endeavoring to make. Fearless at all times, he did not hesitate to differ from his warmest personal and political friends. His record here is so recent and so well understood that I do not deem it necessary to discuss it.

His attitude with respect to armed neutrality and the war with the Imperial German Government proved more than any of his public acts his great moral courage. He was at variance with the great majority of his colleagues,

and did not fear to give expression to his views. He hated war, and his tender heart and the horror of bloodshed led him to hope that a crisis might be averted. But his motives were misunderstood by enemies and friends alike, with the result that he was most brutally and unjustly assailed by many of the public journals throughout the country. The injustice of these attacks, in my opinion, made acute a disease that was lurking in his system and unquestionably hastened his death. He was charged with engaging in a filibuster against the armed neutrality bill, which was wholly unmerited. He was charged with treachery to his country, which was entirely untrue, for there was never a man whose heart was more truly loyal than HARRY LANE's, and after war was once declared he would have contributed the weight of his influence and his every vote to the making of American arms successful. No one will ever know what anguish he suffered under these unjust charges, and I really believe they almost broke his noble, generous heart.

I beg the indulgence of the Senate while I read a sketch of HARRY LANE by one of his warmest personal and political friends, Hon. R. W. Montague, of Portland, Oreg. It is so true to life that this record would not be complete without it. He says:

No one can forget HARRY LANE who ever came close to that unique and vivid personality. A mind leaping, swift, intuitive, sudden and unpredictable in its way of attack on the commonest questions, a pungent wit, abundant zest of life, genial readiness in intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men, all these were apparent at once, but these were not all, nor was all comprised in these as modified by the human defects, of which he had full share.

His physical appearance contributed no little to the sum of the impression he made. Plain yet very striking features, a prominent, almost aquiline nose, firm, straight, thin-lipped mouth, and keen steel-blue eyes gave rather a grim expression to his face

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when not lit up by the habitual look of animation that gave it a characteristic charm. His face was finely set off by abundant wavy hair and a peculiar elate carriage of the head that drew the eye at once. Of only middle size, he possessed remarkable muscular strength and activity, and his bearing had an alert readiness that reminded one irresistibly of a swordsman of Dumas and left an impression of perfect physical competence.

I remember that once when a man named Lane was hurt in a street accident the rumor ran that it was Dr. LANE. A shrewd friend of his remarked to me, "They told me HARRY was run over by a street car, but I said, 'No, not that fellow. Some other Lane, maybe, but no street car will ever run over HARRY.'"

He was an ardent lover of nature, and was never so happy as when pursuing some inquiry into her secrets. One year he began hunting mushrooms, and before his curiosity was satisfied had made himself a real expert and learned mycologist in the local field, finding and describing many new species, and all in the midst of the day's work which left no leisure to less ardent spirits.

Once, a few hours after the close of a hard political campaign in which he had been defeated, I found him studying a strange bird through his field glasses. "You see, I have returned to my proper interests in life," he said, with the look of grave sweetness that unlocked all hearts to him. That look was reserved for his rare moment of sheer friendliness; for the most part he had a cheerful smile which exasperated his enemies, to whom he wore it most gaily, almost beyond endurance. Indeed, he was never in higher spirits than when he went into a fight, and if a forlorn hope so much the better cheer. His courage was undoubted and dauntless, yet he was highly organized and acutely sensitive to pain, and his racing imagination took him through all the suffering before he met it. That kind of physical courage is moral courage, too, and the abuse and accusation which he bore so uncomplainingly, and often returned with such excellent interest, cut him to the quick and brought him home to his family with drawn face and eyes that showed the torments he had gone through.

* * * * *

It was a real genius for friendship that bound so many to him, from the humblest to the highest. The human quality was what

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his eager feeling sought, and he found and cherished it everywhere. Men such as Judge Bellinger and Asahel Bush, at opposite poles of opinion and character, save that both have distinguished intellect and trenchant wit, counted him quite their nearest friend. Children loved him, and I have seen a little boy looking up at him during a cruelly painful minor operation without a wriggle or a murmur while the tears streamed down his little face like rain. And the abundant wealth of return he gave no one who received it will ever cease to treasure. His delight in talk, his power of picturesque, dramatic, humorous realization of scene and circumstance and character made companionship with him an unending joy.

The most notable characteristic of his mind was its unshakable grasp of a few elementary principles of justice and humanity and the sudden and surprising aptness with which he applied them to the case in hand; if to the breaking down of ancient conventions or the shattering of ancient idols, so much the better. From this power of holding fast to the essence amid all the tangle and welter of accident came his flashes of insight as an administrator, when he denied his advisers and defied his enemies—and proved in the end, “in the teeth of all the schools,” that he was right. A fighting man with an ingrained love of humanity and of basic, uncomplicated justice is pretty sure to be a success in politics, and he was a fighting man in every fiber.

These simple and obvious qualities were the sole source of his political success. Of the arts of the politician he had none, nor any love of wealth or power. For intrigue and combination he had absolutely no aptitude, and for the complicated team play and strategy necessary to carry through large political programs little enough. But the plain people could not be deceived as to the perfect absence in him of acquisitiveness or any disloyalty to them, the depth and utter sincerity of his feeling for common humanity, and his detestation of privilege and power based on privilege; and for these things they gladly ignored any deficiencies in sustained reasonings or far-reaching programs and elevated him again and again to high place in the face of overwhelming majorities.

It may be that here we come nearest to his inmost secret. As the joy of battle faded with his youth there grew up beneath the fierce gayety of the paladin spirit a human kindness and com-

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passion, a yearning over the unfortunate and oppressed, over all mankind, over every living thing, that at last became his master passion. The unwillingness to suffer the human sacrifice to be made was the ground of that last grave decision which seemed so fatally wrong to many of us. Who shall say that it was not best, after all, for some one to overlook the grim and hateful necessities of the hour and fix his gaze on the better things of the future which to us it seems can come only through this sacrifice; that he did not choose for himself a more perfect way when, in this time of "confused noises and garments rolled in blood," he chose rather than applause, rather even than wisdom, to be written down as one who loved his fellow men?

"For life is only a small house * * * and love is an open door."

HARRY LANE, the kindly, courteous gentleman, has gone from among us. He will be long remembered by his friends here, but longest at his home, for—

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

He sleeps peacefully under his native skies, and by his grave there stands as sentinel a mammoth evergreen, as if from the mountains he was wont to look upon and love in his boyhood days.

He is not dead, he has but gone to that—

Country bordering on the land
Sealed in eternal silence here, where all
Are journeying—a region which we call
The empire of the dead. No mortal hand
Hath ever mapped its coast. Upon its strand
Discovery's anchor ne'er hath been let fall.

ADDRESS OF MR. JONES, OF WASHINGTON

MR. PRESIDENT: The changes wrought by the grim reaper in this body are swift and startling. They bring home to us the unerring truth that "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Nor does his heavy hand fall alone upon the aged and feeble but often upon the strong and middle aged. Why those whose usefulness seems to have just begun are so often taken we know not. This is one of the mysteries we may solve in the great beyond, but now it seems past our finding out.

HARRY LANE—that is what we soon began to call him—came to the Senate unknown to most of us. When he was taken away every heart felt the piercing arrow of sorrow. He had a free, earnest, hearty, sympathetic way about him that commanded not only your confidence but your affection. My acquaintance with him began with his services here. Coming from a neighboring State with interests much in common with those of my own, I soon came to honor and admire his devotion to duty, his earnestness and sincerity, even though I often disagreed with his views.

He was one of the most earnest and sincere men I have ever known, and of rare political courage. He loved humanity. His highest aim seemed to be to serve the poor, the weak, and the lowly and to promote their comfort, welfare, and happiness. His vision of legislation was their wants and needs. His views were often considered radical, but his sincerity of purpose was never doubted.

Although a political partisan he measured all legislation by the people's good and never hesitated to condemn in vigorous and picturesque language party measures which did not meet his views as to what was for the real interests of the people.

Men of his stamp and courage are essential to a republic. The success of representative government depends not only upon the wisdom but upon the courage of those intrusted with authority. A representative should be something more than the mere registrar of an apparent public sentiment. The people at home want something more than this. They want a representative who will think for himself, investigate for himself, and have the courage to do what he believes to be for their best interests, even though they may for the moment have a different view from his. They know that they may not have all the information necessary to form a correct judgment as to what ought to be done or as to what ought not to be done. While they, under the impulse of excitement and statements not founded upon fact, may condemn a representative, in their calmer moments they will respect him all the more if they feel that he has acted conscientiously. The man who does his duty as he sees it, despite a contrary public sentiment, will have the respect and admiration of all those who admire courage and despise self-seeking. The people expect a representative to study, investigate, and inform himself upon the issues that come before him for action and they expect him to act upon such issues in accordance with his mature and conscientious judgment formed with a due regard for public sentiment and with a knowledge of the many facts and conditions which the people may not know and which, if known, might produce a different sentiment. Such a representative was HARRY LANE. He felt his responsibility as a Senator. He realized his duty as a representative.

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He wanted to please the people, but above all he was anxious to maintain his own self-respect and do that which was for the people's good and for the welfare and honor of his country. No higher eulogy could be paid any representative. HARRY LANE deserves it. We are better for his life; posterity will be helped through his record of courage and devotion to duty made here.

ADDRESS OF MR. PHELAN, OF CALIFORNIA

You will recall, Mr. President, that William Cullen Bryant, writing in the early part of the nineteenth century and desiring to express the common character and the universality of death, drew his imagery from Oregon. He said:

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its
bosom—
Take the wings of morning, pierce the barren wilderness, or lose
thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dash-
ings—yet the dead are there.

In order to properly estimate this occasion, we must recall the overwhelming fact that one generation has succeeded and driven out another generation during the entire history of the world, and that death and succession are so common that for the most part they should awaken no surprise. This very body has been decimated by death. I am told that of the 96 men who were Senators six years ago as many as 53 are now numbered among the dead.

We are in the midst of war, which one might suppose would also accentuate the subject of mortality, but, apart from that, it is also true that while war slays her thousands peace slays her tens of thousands. We all, on reflection, appreciate this fact, and yet, because of the uncertainty of the approach of death—though every man thoughtlessly holds all others mortal except himself—and contrary to what we might suppose to be something of universal acceptance, surprise is constantly experienced. We

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know from the poet, and the poets are the interpreters of truth and of nature, that the unexpectedness of death is what alarms and astonishes.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But what shall tell us when to look for thee?

Ignorant as we were of the imminence of his fate, it seems that our late colleague had some premonition of death. He departed this Chamber in the midst of his labors to lay his tired bones in his native soil, but it was ordained that he should never reach there. He lingered on the way in California and there he died, and the men and women of California paid due honor to his memory.

While it was not fated that he should die in his own State, yet I am sure that were he to be consulted he would feel that in California, dying, he would not at any rate die among strangers, because his association and his State's associations with California had always been intimate and cordial. As a young man he came to San Francisco to study the profession of medicine, and there in the office of my friend and sometime physician, the late Dr. A. F. Sawyer, he practiced the healing art. After he had perfected himself in his profession he went back, naturally, to his native Oregon to minister to the wants of his own people.

I say there is an intimate association between these two States bordering upon the Pacific. They are contiguous, and it is natural that it be so; but more than that, the common hardships of the pioneers have welded them together and there has been an exchange of courtesies of such a

cordial character that it has wedded their fortunes and mingled their fate.

Perhaps the most illustrious man who came out of the West and who sat in this Chamber was Gen. Edward Dickinson Baker, who for many years practiced his profession of the law in San Francisco, and then, looking for a larger field of usefulness where conditions were more favorable and perhaps men more appreciative of his genius and character, he went to Oregon. After a residence there of six months he was elected a Senator of the United States; and this man of wonderful eloquence, marvelous talent, sent by Oregon to this Chamber during the crisis of the Civil War, again felt that his usefulness might be enhanced by laying down the toga and taking up the sword. Commissioned a colonel, he went into the field of death and glory; and very early in his career as a soldier he fell fighting at the battle of Balls Bluff, not far from the National Capital. We of California felt that we had made a contribution to Oregon, as Oregon had made a contribution to the country, in the person of Edward Dickinson Baker. On the other hand, the great singer of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, spent his early days in Oregon, but for residence chose California; hence his memory is a heritage of the two States. Edwin Markham, "the man with the hoe," also belongs to both Commonwealths. So Oregon and California have been linked not only by their geographical situation and the pioneer strain which bound them both together but also by the public service and poetic achievement of their sons.

Do not mistake this sentiment for provincialism. It is not. Full of that confidence in himself, which often betokens genius, when described by some one in complimentary phrase as "The poet of the Sierras," Miller said, "No, I am the poet of the world." He felt that his services

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were for humanity just as Baker and LANE felt and Markham feels.

The name of Lane has been a household word in my family, because my parents were thrown in close personal association with Gen. Joseph Lane, HARRY LANE's grandfather, to whom the Senator from Oregon [Mr. Chamberlain] has just referred in such eloquent terms as soldier and statesman. They regarded him always as a chivalrous, brave, and exalted personage, the ideal type of an American. Hence, when I came to the Senate and met for the first time our late colleague, Senator LANE, I felt that there was an old-time relationship, coming down from our ancestors, which would, as it so turned out, incline him favorably to my acquaintance and to a better understanding of all matters which might come before us for consideration. He received me most courteously and kindly. Hence, I am here to-day to pay a tribute to his memory, brief and inadequate though it be.

I not only had this association but I had other relations with Senator LANE which endeared him to me and illustrated his character. If his judgment ever failed, I am sure that his heart never faltered.

At the time of the great disaster in San Francisco, just 10 years ago, HARRY LANE was the mayor of Portland, Oreg., and when I called on him, after my election to the Senate, I had his own words for this experience: He raised, he said, as I knew, a very large fund through a committee of his own appointment for the relief of the people of San Francisco. At that time there were 250,000 men and women in the bread line, practically without shelter, and the suffering was very great. One morning he said that it was reported to him that on top of the earthquake and fire there had come a storm, and these poor people, outcasts, their habitations destroyed, and their means of subsistence entirely gone, were exposed to

the severity of the elements, when a friend of his came and said, "Why do you not send that money you raised to San Francisco; have you not read of the plight of these people?" He replied, "The money has been sent." This was denied. He then called for his committee, who were invested with the trust, and they said, "No, we have not sent the money, because we do not believe there is an emergency, and we might possibly divert it to some other and better purpose." It was then that Mayor LANE spoke, "This money is in your hands as trustees, contributed by the people of Oregon for a specific purpose; it must be used for that purpose and no other." Then I recalled that he had telegraphed me to know of the emergency, I being the administrator of the relief fund in San Francisco at the time, and on my assurance that there was real need he demanded, and reiterated his demand, while his reluctant committee hesitated. Finally he said, "Unless this money is remitted to the suffering people of San Francisco at 10 o'clock in the morning I shall issue a call to the contributors—to the mechanics in their shops and the farmers in their fields—to come with their tools, which I shall convert, if necessary, into weapons; and so you gentlemen of smug respectability have a care." The next morning at 10 o'clock the money was remitted to San Francisco.

HARRY LANE was a man who, when he made up his mind that a thing was right, had the courage of his convictions, and, though his ways may have been rude, still, as I have said, his heart was always true. He resented the attitude of this committee of his own appointment in deciding that there was no emergency when the world rang of the news of San Francisco's distress.

I went with him just before his departure from Washington to the President of the United States to ask for a pardon for a citizen of Oregon with whose affairs I was

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thoroughly familiar and of whose innocence he and I were convinced. When the Attorney General said, "There is no adequate reason for pardon on the face of the record," it seemed as though the matter might well be abandoned as hopeless; but, in examining the case—Senator LANE, Senator Chamberlain, the senior Senator from Oregon, and I—we found that even the record revealed, what we knew, that there was no turpitude in the offense; that it was a jury's blunder. A loving father of happy children, a man guiltless of crime but technically enmeshed by the law, was in peril.

Senator LANE told the President that it would be an insult to the law to hold the man under the color of the law and that justice was more important than legality. Quoting Burke, he said, in effect, the meanest creature who crawls the earth, calling for justice, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. The President, let me say to the credit of his generous understanding, yielded to that plea.

So my associations with Senator LANE have been of such a character that I sincerely mourn his loss. With that great train of pioneers, led by his illustrious ancestor, Gen. Joseph Lane, he has gone to his final account. The poet, so identified with both our States, California and Oregon, sings of the fatalism of the pioneer, always hoping against hope, until he dimly saw "outcroppings of gold in the stars." Just as our colleague, through the dreary debates of this body, hoped against hope possibly that some good would come out of it all. He was impatient of delay; he loved to be direct. He contributed his criticism, if you please, of some of our proceedings, and which we must, as the senior Senator from Oregon has told you, regard as the sincere expressions of the man and, indeed, helpful in the final determination of questions under consideration, because where there is unanimity in a deliberative body

ADDRESS OF MR. PHELAN, OF CALIFORNIA

the truth is rarely evoked. Senator LANE, with honest purpose, precipitated discussion and forced deliberation.

He was aweary and, perhaps, disappointed in many things, but was always, like his pioneer comrades, confident and cheerful.

We have worked our claims, we have spent our gold,
Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old, yet at night we behold
Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

May HARRY LANE realize, and may those outcroppings of gold in the stars lead him to, his eternal treasure and heavenly reward. His vexed spirit is now at rest, and—

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENYON, OF IOWA

MR. PRESIDENT: My relations with HARRY LANE were so close, my affection for him so great, my grief at his taking off so intense, that I speak with difficulty concerning him. As has been suggested by the Senator from Washington [Mr. Jones], the great reaper seems especially busy in the Halls of Congress. So often have we met to offer our tribute to departed brethren that it no longer is an unusual event.

Life is a strange affair after all. Whether we dwell upon the mountain peaks of aspiration, in the valleys of despondency, or in the yesterdays of our sorrows, we understand it not, and the strangest fact of life is death.

Our flowers are generally reserved for death, and the thorns are bestowed in life. And so we come to speak the words of love and praise for him who needed them yesterday but needs them not to-day.

To those who knew not HARRY LANE what is uttered here to-day by his friends may seem an exaggeration. To them all words seem feeble to portray his virtues. I know of him in private life only by what has been told me, and therefrom I gather that the characteristics of this wonderful man were the same in private as in public life, namely, kindness and courage.

Sometimes we seem to think that courage and kindness can not walk hand in hand as common virtues. Sometimes one would think that braggadocio was an indication of courage. But it will always remain true that

The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring.

Balzac has painted the character of the country doctor and his goodness. True it is that to the physician is given more opportunity for kindness possibly than to others.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENYON, OF IOWA

HARRY LANE was the poor folks' doctor. They loved him. He was kind to them. There was no horizon to his charity.

The great Teacher of men loved the poor and they "heard Him gladly."

Lincoln once said "God loved the common people. That is why He made so many of them."

HARRY LANE knew them, their wants, hopes, desires, lives, and it was his great ambition to minister unto them. He was to them a brother man.

I have been told of the incident when his body lay in state in the Masonic Temple at Portland and little ragged newsboys came in to pay him their last tribute. One little, dirty, ragged fellow said to the other: "Boy, he was sure good to us; he was the best friend we kids ever had."

A story of human trouble, of suffering, of fallen women trying to rise, brought the tears to his eyes and from him an offer to help.

He was ever ready to throw the rope to the girl going down without inquiring as to her character.

He believed there was goodness in the souls of the fallen.

He had the tenderness of a child and the courage of a lion.

He, of all men, would not want us to exaggerate his virtues.

In his simple, honest way he would shrink from praise.

He had faults, of course, as he was a human being.

He loved little children. One who loves and is kind to children is fit for the immortal home. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Recording Angel must have been busy writing in the great Judgment Book the kindly deeds of HARRY LANE, and if now and then was recorded a fault, looking

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down upon all his devotion to humanity, he must have blotted out the record of those faults with his tears.

In public life he typified courage to the extent that few men have in our Nation's history.

He was the uncompromising foe of graft, great or small; likewise of greed.

He despised those who, in Congress or elsewhere, voted to assist special privilege. The representatives of special privilege despised him, and he was rather proud that they did, but they despised him not one bit more than he did them. They had no difficulty in understanding his attitude. Hypocrisy did not dwell in his nature. Candor was ever present with him.

No one questioned his fidelity to those whom he represented. He was no trimmer and no quitter in a fight. No one accused him of talking at home for the things the people wanted and voting here for the things they did not want.

He did not spend five years of his term serving "invisible government" and one year before election serving the people.

He was not a forward-looking man when a candidate and a backward-looking man after election. The HARRY LANE after election differed not a particle from the HARRY LANE before election.

He did not consider it a great honor to carry the incense jars and burn incense for those who sneered at all reform and all battles for the general welfare of the everyday people.

He despised the lick-spittle sycophantism so often seen in Congress.

No caucus bound him. No one told him how to vote. He had only one master—his conscience. One desire—service for his country.

He did not know that the word "coward" was a part of our language.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENYON, OF IOWA

I have believed the strength of HARRY LANE's character was due somewhat to his love of nature. He had lived in God's glorious out of doors; out where there are

Sermons in stones,
Books in babbling brooks,
And good in everything.

Living in that great Golden West, he loved to roam by the streams, along the trails with the rod and the gun, and, as daylight melted into darkness, to smoke his pipe at the camp fire with no canopy but the starlighted heavens. From such scenes he drew inspiration and a certain homely philosophy of life.

He learned from the dizzy mountain heights and from the mighty deep. The mountains gave him wide vision; the sea much understanding. Little wonder that those things developed character and courage. Such a character as his would lead him to death for his convictions, and in fact he died for them. Crucified by that part of the press devoted to invisible government, aided by some of the very people he loved and for whom he would have given his life and who understood him not, he went to his death a martyr to his fixed convictions.

Such lives, however, do not really die. They live on in the hearts of thousands left behind. Wherever the songs of the sweet singer of Israel are read David still liveth. To those who venerate law Moses is not dead. Nor in the lives of free men who have come from darkness into light can the memory of Abraham Lincoln ever pass away. And so, in the hearts of the many who have been cheered and helped by his life, HARRY LANE will live on.

Truly can we say of him, this world is a little better place because he lived.

He approached death with the same courage that sustained him through life, and well he might. For him death had no terror. He met it with a smile.

When the bark of his life loosed its moorings and floated out with the tide upon that sea where no sail is ever homeward bound it carried to that beautiful isle of somewhere—that isle where the sun always shines, where sorrow knoweth no home—as true a soul as God ever sent to earth.

I have in vision sometimes pictured that soul as the Judgment Book was opened and the Master read and told him what he had done in life for Him, and in astonishment he must have exclaimed, "Lord, when did I this?" and then the glorious response: "Here is the record of help to little children, of service unmeasured to the poor, of pains alleviated, of kind words spoken to the fallen, of encouragement given to the man steeped in crime, of the ropes thrown to those sinking in a sea of trouble, of financial help to the mother bending her back over the washtub, of work secured for strong but unfortunate fathers, of meat given to the hungry, of drink given to the thirsty, of refuge given to the stranger, of clothing given to the naked, of visitation to the sick and to those in prison"; and then I can, in a vision, hear the King say unto him, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me"; and with the righteous such a soul passes on into life eternal.

It was hard for those of us who loved him as a friend to have him part from us. It seemed as if we could not let him go. The only comfort to me was in that hope of immortality, firm in my heart, that somewhere, some place, on some other shore, he would be waiting with outstretched hands to greet and welcome us. And there came to me, as some consolation, the beautiful words of the Christian's prayer:

Good night, beloved; blessed be thy rest.
Come lay thy head upon the Savior's breast.
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best.
Good night, good night, good night.

ADDRESS OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair is about to call to preside the Senator from Utah [Mr. King]. In leaving, it must not be understood that I go other than as compelled to go to meet an engagement which was made before I knew of these memorial services. Everybody knows that I was HARRY LANE's friend and that HARRY LANE was my friend. Our friendship did not depend on his views or on my views; I knew he was an honest man, and he thought I was one. So long as the Senate of the United States shall be composed of honest men and men we think are honest, thank God, the Republic will be safe and the memory of LANE will be secure.

He has gone like a morsel of incense burned in the halls of eternity, but the odorous cloud is wafted ever upward to the rafters of Heaven. Rest to his ashes and peace to his soul.

(Mr. King, of Utah, assumed the chair.)

ADDRESS OF MR. HUSTING, OF WISCONSIN

MR. PRESIDENT: When death laid its inexorable hand upon the arm of HARRY LANE and led him to his final resting place it took from the Senate an unique figure and a good, useful, and able Senator.

I was denied the privilege of knowing Senator LANE until shortly before my term of office began, and so my all too brief acquaintance with him spans only two years. I know that I, whose acquaintance with him has been so short, can but inadequately give testimony to his character, accomplishments, and life attainments. This must be left to others who were privileged to know him longer and, therefore, are more familiar with his worth and works than I could possibly be. I can only speak of him as I saw and knew him here in the Senate. But in those two years I learned to know him well enough to warmly appreciate his fine qualities of mind and heart and to conceive for him a warm affection and a high respect.

Senator LANE died in the afternoon of life. And his was a busy and eventful one. He died rich in accomplishments, rich in attainments, and rich in service. Of such a life much history could and, no doubt, will be written by others. But in turning to the Congressional Directory all that we find of self-recorded testimony of himself is simply this: "HARRY LANE, Democrat;" silent as to the deeds of his own busy and successful career and absent all self-laudation or self-praise. He bequeaths to us but his own characterization of himself as an index to his inner self. These words might well serve for his epitaph.

HARRY LANE was indeed a democrat in the truest and highest sense of the word. He was a Democrat politically,

but there are none in the Senate upon whom the cloak of party regularity hung more loosely. He did not hesitate to oppose his party or to vote against its measures when his conscience or his sense of duty bade him do so. He was independent in thought and action, and never hesitated to support what he thought was right and to oppose what he thought was wrong, and this without regard to what others thought or as to whether it was for or against the interests of his party or of his own political welfare. He was fearless as well as independent. All that he feared was doing wrong and all that he ever reached and strove for was doing right. Whatever errors he may have committed—and these were fewer, I believe, than those ordinarily chargeable against most men—were of the head and not of the heart. I doubt not he was so in everything.

He was democratic in his manners and in his mental and spiritual make-up. Like Henry George, he was for men. He was intensely human himself. None was more approachable, more unassuming, more affable, more genial, or more kindly. Within a very short time I felt as though I had known him for years. He was candid and ingenuous and his mind and his heart were as an open book. He had nothing to conceal and concealed nothing. He was a man of the broadest of sympathies and he loved his fellow men. I served with him on the Committee on Indian Affairs and had full opportunity to become familiar with this phase of his disposition and nature. He was jealous of the rights of the Indians, and opposed with all the power within him everything that to him smacked of wrong or injustice to them. His speeches in the Senate on Indian affairs evidence that his jealous care and solicitude for the welfare of the Indians amounted to a passion. By his death the Indians have lost one of their most loyal and devoted friends.

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He was the implacable foe of wrong, injustice, and oppression, no matter when or where or in what manner or shape it might appear. He could not help it. It was ingrained in the very fiber of his being. He was a friend of the poor and the helpless and the oppressed, and withal free from demagoguery of any sort. He hated sham, fraud, and hypocrisy. With rare skill in debate, he uncovered and exposed at every opportunity these to the eye in all their nakedness. His speech on the oleomargarine bill, delivered on February 22 of this year, ranks, in my opinion, with the best speeches made in the Senate since I have been a Member. It bristles with wit, wisdom, and logic, and, while attacking what he conceived to be the vices in the measure, his genial and lovable personality shines through it all and takes away the sting of what he says.

HARRY LANE was spiritually democratic. He was charitable toward all men and harbored malice toward none. His heart was incapable of cherishing personal hatred or meanness. His love for his fellow men was all absorbing and all embracing. Underlying and around everything that he did or said was the unselfish motive of helping and uplifting his fellow men.

Senator LANE was a most interesting conversationalist. He was well read and possessed a fund of interesting information. He possessed the saving grace of humor, which was as delightful as it was infectious. His entire absence of love of self or vanity in any form was best illustrated by the fact that he enjoyed a joke on himself. He frequently related, with a great deal of evident pleasure and gusto, ridiculous and laughable incidents in which he was the central figure, never failing to arouse at his own expense the mirth of his auditors.

Senator LANE was patriotic. He loved his country; he loved its institutions; he loved its democracy. Just a few days before he left on what was to be his final earthly

ADDRESS OF MR. HUSTING, OF WISCONSIN

journey his last thought was in regard to legislation calculated to relieve the poor people of the country and to increase the supplies of the Nation. His last thought, as expressed to me, was his desire that something should be done to prepare the country more adequately in the way of food supplies during this war.

Mr. President, I believe that the atmosphere of the Senate has been purer and sweeter because of his membership. I believe the world is better because of HARRY LANE. When he died his State and his country lost an honest, able, and patriotic Senator, and his death is sincerely mourned by all who were associated with him in this Chamber. We miss his cheery presence, his kindly handclasp, and his pleasant word. His country and his State will miss a man who may be called without exaggeration a thoroughly good man; a man whose heart was without guile, whose thoughts were pure and noble, whose purposes were patriotic, lofty, and unselfish; a man whose passion was to serve his fellow men; a man who demanded nothing for himself, but only wished to give to others; a man who looked for no opportunity to serve himself, but who only sought the opportunity to serve others. All will sorely miss and mourn HARRY LANE, Democrat.

ADDRESS OF MR. NORRIS, OF NEBRASKA

Mr. PRESIDENT: The death of Senator LANE is almost a tragedy. His life was devoted to the relief of those who are unfortunate, to the purification of governmental affairs, and to the elimination of graft and dishonorable practices from public office. He had great respect and often admiration for those who honestly disagreed with him on public questions, but he despised with a hatred that was intense the public official or the private citizen who was untrue to his own conscientious convictions. He never compromised with what he believed to be false or wrong. To the policy of partisan political control of governmental action he gave no heed. He decided from such information as he had and such investigation as he could make what was the proper thing to do, and then he adhered to that course with a steadfastness and an energy that knew no cessation or deviation.

When the war broke out in Europe he was extremely anxious that our Government should remain strictly neutral. He was opposed to any step being taken that might by any possibility entangle us in the great conflict. He believed it was America's duty to hold aloof, although he often said that if we wanted to be technical we could find sufficient excuse to get into the controversy on either side. He was bitterly opposed to the passage of a law giving to the President the right to arm merchant ships with guns and gunners from our Navy. He believed that such a course must inevitably plunge us into the war, and according to his judgment no sufficient cause existed for the taking of such a step. He believed also that undue Executive influences were being used for the purpose of the passage of such a law, and he thought that the evil of Execu-

tive coercion over functions of the Legislature was nearly as great as participation in the war itself. With him there was nothing personal in this judgment. To him it was a fundamental proposition and upon it he refused to compromise in any degree.

He had almost unlimited confidence in the President. His faith in him was unbounded. While he sometimes disagreed with the Chief Executive as to the policy to be pursued by our Government, his love and admiration for the President were unshaken. He had given to him great credit for marking the course of our ship of state along a neutral channel, which he believed was the only safe and honorable course to pursue. In the campaign which had just preceded he had taken an active interest. He had campaigned among the great masses of his people on the Pacific coast, and plead with them for the reelection of the President, principally on the ground that he had kept our country out of the terrible war, and that his reelection meant continued neutrality and peace for our people. When Congress was asked by the President to pass the bill providing for so-called "armed neutrality," by giving the President the authority to use the guns and men of our Navy upon merchant ships, his sensibilities were terribly shocked. He readily recognized that there were two sides to the question, and he found no fault with the conscientious man who disagreed with him on this proposition. He felt, however, that such a course would be deceptive and that such action would not be fair to the people whom he knew had confidence in him and who had listened to his plea for continued peace; and when, after that memorable fight ended, he was denounced by men in public life whom he loved as an enemy to his country it well-nigh broke his heart. He knew that in his opposition to that measure he had carried out the promptings of his own soul, to remain true to the doctrines he had proclaimed, and in

which he honestly believed. Following this, he was criticized and condemned unmercifully by a large portion of the press of the country, and particularly by the leading newspapers of his own State. So bitter was this denunciation, and so far was it carried, that not only was his own patriotism denied but the loyalty of his ancestors was without cause, without reason, and regardless of truth vehemently and persistently questioned.

Many of his former friends joined in his condemnation, and because of the unanimity of the press, controlled, he believed, by the enemies of good government, he was unable to reach the great masses of the people whom he believed he was properly representing and whose interests alone he had nearest to his heart. He was used to criticism, and he never objected to it as long as it was fair and emanated from sources and from people honestly believing that such criticism was just, but when the sources of communication between him and those he served were controlled, and he was unable to make any defense before his own people, and when his motives and his patriotism were questioned, especially by those whom he loved and in whom he had unbounded confidence, the despair of his honest heart was so great and the agony of his blighted hope so severe that he never recovered his former self.

Within a few weeks he was a physical wreck. Those who knew him best became alarmed at his condition. He alone remained tranquil and serene. Before he came to the Senate he had been a physician for many years and had reached an eminent position among his associates in that profession. His trained mind told him that death was near, but during those few weeks that followed he never once expressed a fear or showed any hesitancy to meet the end that he knew was but a few steps in advance. During those days, after he had become so weak that he could scarcely walk and when it was not safe for him to

ride in a street car, I often rode with him in a taxicab from his office to his home.

At his request, I spent many evenings alone with him in his home. He talked of the approaching end in the same half-humorous way that he met all the serious questions that confront us all. There was at no time any hesitancy or any fear. He talked of death in the same humorous vein which he often spoke in the Senate—a humor that his friends knew was always pointed and always conveyed an idea and a lesson. He approached the end with the same demeanor, the same calmness, and in the same spirit that he went about his daily work. He looked death in the face with calmness and with a smile, the same as he met his friends in daily life. He never knew fear, either moral or physical, during his long busy life, and he walked, as it were, to his open grave with the same serenity and the same calmness that marked his every act. There was no thought of self, but only a fervent hope that the poor and unfortunate, for whom he had lived his entire life, might be relieved of all possible suffering and distress. I think he was satisfied with his life's work. In his last hours nothing gave him more pleasure than to tell of some poor unfortunate whom he had helped and whom he had placed on the road to happiness and success. Of him it can truly be said that he approached his grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Senator LANE, as I have said, had attained eminence in his profession. He had been elected and served with distinction as president of the Oregon Medical Association. He had gained a reputation as a physician that extended far beyond the city where he lived. The making of money, however, was one of his least thoughts. He loved his profession for the good it enabled him to do for those

who were sick and unfortunate. He had a very large clientage among the poor, and as illustrating the man's heart and character it might be related that after he knew his days were numbered and that life's span was about over he took his accounts and books containing evidences of indebtedness amounting to several thousands of dollars against people, the majority of whom were poor, and threw them into the fire, remarking as he did so that while many of them could well afford to pay there were hundreds who could not do so without hardship, and he wanted no administrator of his estate annoying those whose poverty made it difficult for them to live and support those dependent upon them in comfort and happiness.

He was known among the poorer classes as the "little doctor." There were many who did not even know his name, hundreds who did not even know him by sight, who knew that in the "little doctor" suffering humanity had a true and unfaltering friend. But his reputation extended to other classes also, and his absolute fearlessness and his ability to turn a serious situation into one of humor is well illustrated by one of the many incidents that happened in his busy professional life where he was called upon to attend a professional gambler who was in an extremely dangerous condition. The gambler had sent for the "little doctor" because he had faith in his professional ability. He knew that he had always fought against gambling and all other forms of vice and that he was a bitter enemy of corruption and sin. The sick man did not improve as he thought he ought to. Some of his associates who visited him suggested that the "little doctor" would probably not do his utmost to save the life of a professional gambler and that his hatred of their business might even induce him to take a professional course with such a patient that would ultimately bring about

ADDRESS OF MR. NORRIS, OF NEBRASKA

certain death. The next time the doctor called on his patient the gambler pulled a revolver out from under the covering, pointed it at the doctor, and calmly told him that if he did not promise on his honor to use his professional skill to the very utmost to cure him he would shoot him on the spot; and to impress the doctor with his desperate character and the firmness of his determination he said, "I want you to understand, Doctor, that I have already killed two men." The cold, gray eyes of Dr. LANE looked into the muzzle of the revolver, the firm lines around his mouth relaxed as a smile spread over his countenance, and without hesitancy he replied, "You claim to be a desperate man and can boast of having killed but two men. Why, that is nothing; I have killed hundreds of them."

The funeral of Senator LANE, in the city of Portland, demonstrated the love and affection in which he was held by the great mass of common people who knew him and knew of him. For miles the funeral procession slowly wound its way through streets that were crowded and packed with the saddened faces of those who knew best of his life's work. Their admiration for him seemed to be unbounded, the sorrow that was manifested can not be measured. Men and women came from all over the State of Oregon to attend his funeral. In the few hours that I had to mingle with the crowd I talked with three different people who came 150 miles to be present on this occasion. Not one of them had ever seen Senator LANE. They knew him by reputation only. They knew that he always stood for what in his own heart he believed to be right, and that during his whole life he had always been fighting an uphill fight for those who were oppressed. They knew that when they attended his funeral they would not be able to gain admission to the temple where the services were held. They knew that in all likelihood

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they would not be able even to look upon the face of the man whom they honored and loved. They knew that all they could do would be to stand on the sidewalk and with bowed heads watch the procession as it passed by. They knew that no gain could come to them in a material or a financial way by making the sacrifices necessary to make the trip, but they wanted to do something to show their love and admiration for the man who had lived and died for humanity's cause. They were satisfied to be permitted to visit the last resting place of the man in whom they had unbounded confidence and for whose memory they had unmeasured love.

And so it was that beneath the spreading branches of the ancient cedar, in Lone Fir Cemetery, we laid to rest all that was mortal of HARRY LANE. Hundreds of his admirers whom he never knew visited this spot day after day for weeks after the funeral and brought fragrant flowers of remembrance to deposit upon the fresh mound. The spot where he lies is almost sacred in the true hearts of many thousands who knew his work and loved him for it.

It is said that in ancient times the old warrior Abou Ben Adhem was once awakened in the night, and as he opened his eyes he saw an angel writing in a book. The brave old warrior asked the angel, "What are you writing there?" The angel replied, "I am writing the names of those who love the Lord."

"Is my name written there?"

The angel replied, "No," and then spake Ben Adhem:

"I pray you write my name as one who loves his fellow man."

The angel wrote and vanished, and the next night Ben Adhem was again awakened by the presence of the same angel, and in his hand he bore a flaming scroll containing

the names of those who love the Lord, and behold Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

If men are to be recompensed in the great beyond for the good they do here, if deeds of kindness are to be rewarded there, if conscientious action and honest conviction of heart are in the life beyond to be rewarded, and if those who serve man best are in reality those who serve God best, then high up on the list of honor in the eternal book of fame, shining with a glory and a luster that shall continue undimmed through all eternity, will be the name of HARRY LANE, and around that new-made grave in that ancient and beautiful cemetery, if there could be assembled that unnumbered multitude, each of whom has through some act or some deed of Senator LANE been relieved of some burden or has been taught by him the way to a higher and a nobler life, there would be a unanimous voice repeating the immortal words that were said of him who died on Strato's sword:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

ADDRESS OF MR. VARDAMAN, OF MISSISSIPPI

MR. PRESIDENT: This is a solemn moment and calls for serious thought. It is a time set apart by the Senate to take an inventory, as it were, of a well-spent life and to pay the tribute of our love and respect to the memory of an honored Member of this body. The value of the tribute which has been paid to Senator LANE by the Senators who have spoken can not be measured in gold or earthly honors. It is the priceless reward which a brave, free people always give to the man who under all circumstances dares to do that which he believes to be right.

Mr. President, I believe the most useful lessons are the lessons learned from other lives. The most valuable assets in the business of a nation are the moral qualities and the intellectual acquirements of the men and women who compose its citizenship. I also believe in the immortality of good deeds and the moral potentiality of a noble example. There is nothing that the present generation should preserve and guard more carefully than the memory of heroic achievements, the self-sacrifices and patriotic efforts of those who have directed the Nation's affairs and contributed to the formation of that compelling force called public sentiment, to which we are indebted for the preservation of American institutions.

As the beacon light that flashes across the turbulent waters of the trackless sea marks the way and enables the mariner to follow the channel and avoid the breakers, so the conduct and character of those who precede us along the highway of life point the way of duty and enable us to avoid the pitfalls into which other peoples have fallen.

I shall not, on this occasion, undertake to give a biographical sketch of our distinguished late colleague who

has felt the chill of the world's disaster, loitered for a while in the valley between the peaks of two eternities, and then permitted the privilege of moving on to the realm of unchanged Verities, where Truth is the law and immutable Justice sits enthroned. It was not my privilege to know Senator LANE intimately. My acquaintance with him dates from the time I became a Member of this body four years ago and my relations with him were almost exclusively of an official character. I did not agree with him on some of the public questions which engaged the attention of this body, but there was something so ruggedly honest, so unselfishly patriotic, so splendidly altruistic in every act of his official and private life that came under my observation that I was soon drawn close to him in admiration and love.

I was also impressed with the unique fact that he was endeavoring always to serve others rather than himself. When a public question came up for consideration he never asked whether it was popular or unpopular. All he desired to know was: Is it right—is it best for the Nation—best for the great silent, slow-thinking multitude whose interests legislators are especially commissioned to protect? His love for the lowly was a divine passion. When he determined upon a course of duty he never faltered. There was a sublime pertinacity of purpose which characterized his official conduct that challenged the admiration even of his political opponents. The shafts of slander did not deter him—the poisoned dagger in the hands of the literary assassin had no terror for him—and the sneers of the ranting verbal snobs and vicious official sycophants rather amused him. He was strong enough to stand alone, which is the acid test of true greatness.

I am told, however, that in his last days, on account of physical illness, and when his dauntless spirit lagged in

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sympathy with his dying body, that the cruel criticisms heaped upon him by a mercenary press wounded deeply his sensitive soul. But it did not swerve him from his course. He did his duty as God gave him the power to understand his duty.

Mr. President, there was a moral magnitude in the make-up of this man which was an inspiration to me. I wish the youth of America might know him as I understood him. His life would be an inspiring example, a tonic, a moral stimulant to those who find it difficult under the stress of an emergency and the influence of sordid selfishness to do right.

I do not think that one could form a correct estimate of Senator LANE's character by the larger things, measured by the world's standard, which he did. But it was rather by the smaller, the apparently inconsequential, everyday things that make up one's life. It was in those little things that he appeared at his best, and from that sphere of life he received the inspiration which took form in deeds.

When the prophet Elijah stood on the mountain side to look for some token of divine will he did not get it in the tempest or the earthquake or the fire of conflict. But he heard it in the "still, small voice" which reached his ears after those had passed. We have heard the storm of political debate, the vitriolic utterances of the war-mad statesmen; we have felt the earthquake shock of a world war; we have seen the fire of legislative persecution—indeed, we are in the midst of it all to-day. And in this vortex of blood and plunder, with the voice of the "patriotism of hate" ringing in our ears and the lust for gain poisoning the souls of our people, we should, above all things and above all times, hearken to the "still, small voice" which speaks to our consciences in the articulate

words of the Constitution, from the graves of our fathers, who sealed their faith with their sacred blood. From that high source alone we shall receive the truth of sufficient potency to save the Nation. The ears of Senator LANE were ever sensitive to such a call. His great, big, patriotic, loving heart always responded to such a demand.

The difference between the real statesman and the time-server will be shown by the power to look through the mist and smoke arising from the conflict which rages in the unhappy present into the quiet and peaceful state which marks the restoration of order.

Our war is not only with a foreign enemy, but there is a war raging within our own hearts.

Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

We can not fathom the infinite mind or understand the dispensation of Providence. I have thought that Senator LANE would have been a safe councilor in the hour of reconstruction, after the whirlwind of war shall have passed over our beloved country. There are times when I would rather trust the promptings of a loving heart than the processes of the keenest intellect. But "He who doeth all things well" has ordered otherwise, and I shall not question the works of Providence.

In the shadow of a great national sorrow and a world catastrophe I have hope that

Out of the twilight of the past
We move to a diviner light,
For nothing that is wrong can last;
Nothing's immortal but the right.

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It may cost enormously in blood and treasure, but truth and justice will ultimately triumph.

For those who by the ties of a close kinship are called upon to suffer the pangs of an eternal separation I have not words with which to express the depth of my love, sympathy, and condolence. Peace to his ashes and rest to the immortal soul of this noble man.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRONNA, OF NORTH DAKOTA

Mr. LA FOLLETTE. Mr. President, at the request of the Senator from North Dakota (Mr. Gronna), who has been called away at this time and is unable to be present, I will read to the Senate the tribute which he has prepared and which he has asked me to present at this time.

Senator Gronna says of former Senator LANE:

"I first became acquainted with Senator LANE after he had taken his seat in the Senate, some five years ago. It so happened that Senator LANE and I were assigned to serve on the Committees on Claims and Indian Affairs, and I think I may say that it is generally known among Members of Congress that the work of these two committees is not only the most arduous, but perplexing, of any of our standing committees. This is especially true with reference to the Committee on Indian Affairs. There seems to be a feeling among the Indians of the country, both those who are still the wards of the Nation and those who have been declared competent, that this is a forum where they have the right to be heard. The members of that committee constantly hear complaints and protests from helpless people, and especially from the Indians who are still the Nation's wards.

"The Members of the Senate, as well as the Members of the House, in making up their choice of committees as a rule do not select the Committee on Indian Affairs, and I have heard it stated that the reason why the Members are reluctant to serve on this committee is the fact that one must always deal with the unfortunate and oppressed Indian. But Senator LANE did not seem to look at it from that viewpoint. To him it seemed a real pleasure, because

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before that committee he had the opportunity to work out great problems in the interest and for the benefit of a helpless class of people; and very soon after he had been assigned to this committee he showed not only his love for all mankind, but his hatred against granting special privileges to the strong for the oppression of the weak and unfortunate.

"HARRY LANE was an earnest student of nature. He loved to delve into its secrets. It soon became manifest that Senator LANE was intensely interested in the welfare of these helpless people. He knew the Indian as very few men know and understand him. He had studied his characteristics, good and bad, his strong as well as his weak points. He had the courage to champion the cause of these oppressed people, even to the extent of breaking with his party friends, if that was necessary.

"Although my first experience with Senator LANE was rather puzzling, I soon discovered his powerful intellect, his pungent wit, and his ability to judge men. No one could fail to observe his pleasing characteristics, and, although he was plain in his appearance, his features were striking. During my services in Congress I have never met a man more genial, witty, and humorous than Senator LANE. But while he possessed wit and humor he was also intensely earnest in his work. He fearlessly fought against oppression wherever he found it. He believed that the natural resources should belong to the people, and that any law enacted which would deny them this right was not a good law.

"Senator LANE was industrious and very attentive to his duties, and few men in the Senate have rendered more efficient service or accomplished more, if as much, during the first years of their service as was accomplished by him. He possessed an indomitable will, unflinching courage, and an earnest desire to do right; and while his nat-

ural temperament was that of valor, gallantry, and firmness, he possessed a heart as sympathetic and tender as that of a child.

"For a new Senator he made a number of speeches, but he never spoke except upon subjects in which he was deeply interested. His speeches upon child labor, pure food, and Indian affairs are classics, and will perhaps be more appreciated in the future than they are now.

"He always insisted that public officials were but servants of the people, and should be compelled to act accordingly.

"He hated sham and pretension; despised flattery, and was quick to discern the real from the unreal, the true from the false. He was one of those gallant and brave warriors who have struggled throughout the centuries to make a better world for the common people to live in, and it is in the memory of the common people that he will stand out as one of God's noblemen.

"During my acquaintance with HARRY LANE I never saw him despondent or discouraged over anything affecting himself or his own interests; but he was deeply concerned and often worried about legislation which he believed would be beneficial to his people, and especially to the poor.

"No man will be able to preach a eulogy such as the deeds of HARRY LANE deserve. His dauntless courage, his unselfish, humane, and beneficent work in the interest of humanity will be the most conspicuous and lasting monument to him; his own deeds enshrined in the hearts of his people will be the real living memorial sacred to his memory."

ADDRESS OF MR. LA FOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN

MR. PRESIDENT: If it were possible for me to give utterance to my feelings on this occasion, I should hesitate to speak the words. I should be restrained by the fear that those who did not know HARRY LANE might regard them as flattery, and I would not leave that blemish upon this memorial to a life and character that typified simplicity, sincerity, and truth.

We may think we know each other well. Our ways in life may run side by side through the calm level of many years, and still the man within remain unknown even to the most intimate companions. It is only when there come to us the severe ordeals of life that a man truly knows himself and is revealed to his fellows.

The public service tries men's souls at times, and in its crises it lays bare the character of those upon whom rests the responsibility of every act of great concern to the public weal.

We are all more or less affected by our environment. Encountering at birth the vicissitudes and trials of a pioneer civilization, there was bred in HARRY LANE a sympathetic understanding of the elementary things of life. He lived close to the soil. He loved the woods, the rocks, the mountains, the sea; he came to have a sense of kinship with nature. It is possible that a strain of Indian blood in his ancestry whetted his appetite for the primeval. He grappled with the elements; he breasted the storm; he was lured into Alaska, where he followed the dogs and the sledge and faced the blizzards of that Arctic country.

So, too, Mr. President, he came to know men as he knew nature. He penetrated the shams, the artificialities of life, the pretenses, the mocking sycophancy with

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which our time is so cursed. He cut through these things to the bone. No one misled HARRY LANE; he looked into the eyes of men and down into their souls.

It was inevitable that this man, turning his attention to public affairs, should be a democrat, dedicating himself to the protection of the many against the cunning and avarice of the few.

His love of mankind was not academic. As it has been said of another:

He added to the sum of human joy; and if everyone to whom he had done some loving service were to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

No one was so lonely, no one was so poor or insignificant, no one was so abandoned, morally, that HARRY LANE did not find joy in hunting him out and helping him. I do not know another man in this body who has done so much for the families of those in want about the Capitol as Senator LANE. Senators will remember the occasion when on this floor he called the attention of the Senate to the fact that shocking cases of poverty prevailed within the call of the human voice from the Capitol. His soul went out to these people. He realized his individual limitations to lend effective aid, and he called upon the Senate to give ear to their needs.

It fell to me, as it did to the Senator from North Dakota (Mr. Gronna), to serve with Senator LANE on the Committee on Indian Affairs.

On this committee Senator LANE fought in season and out to save the Indians from being stripped of the little of their patrimony which is left to them.

Here in this body, upon every measure that came up, he had but one test: "Is it in the public interest?"

It did not make any difference to him whether there were 4 men or 40 men who took his view of it. As the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Reed) has said, there were

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just two things in HARRY LANE's universe; there were just two moral points of compass—wrong and right, right and wrong. "Is it right?" That was all he needed to know to decide a question. If he got to the heart of the question, if he understood it and was sure he was right, he planted himself there to stay, even if he stood alone.

Mr. President, allusion has been made to the great national ordeal through which we are passing and to the position Senator LANE took in respect to our entrance upon it.

I know something of the inner workings of his mind upon this question. I know, from a very close companionship with him, that he was moved only by his conscience and his devotion to his country; and, seeing his way with that clear vision which he had, because all the way through life he had listened to the promptings of conscience, the course that he should follow was plain to him.

Fortunate the man in public life who has heard the voice of conscience early and has obeyed it! Woe to him who has stifled the admonitions of conscience, who has come to look at what for the hour seemed the "politic" thing to do. His course in public life veers this way and that. He who sets his compass by the one moral point in the universe—of whether the thing is right or wrong—and who steers by that course alone steers a straight course. It is easy for him. All the world may be against him; the vituperation of the press may seem to the public to overwhelm him; but the storm as it beats upon him, the abuse, the slander, and wrong fall away from him, for he is shielded by the consciousness that he has gone the straight course. HARRY LANE steered by conscience all the while.

No man can be wholly indifferent to public detraction and public criticism. He sees his family writhe and

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suffer under it; he knows that every loved one is tortured by it, and though he may have become steeled to it, it is hard enough at best. But never for a moment, when he was cartooned as a traitor in hundreds of papers over this country, did he waver in his course.

I do not know, Mr. President and Senators, that the end would not have come to him as soon as it did, except for the fact that he was pursued by intolerance; that he fell upon a time when men see not with their eyes but with their passions; when a press surcharged by mercenary interests hurled at him its poisoned shafts of malice. I do not know just how long this disease had been upon him which finally took him from us. I do know that in the midst of this wicked, false attack he broke and went down.

As one of a little group of his friends I knew it soon. I think he knew it before anyone else. I think he knew it before the other physicians told him. He was an able man in his profession, and I can not conceive that the thing which burned up all the vital forces of his being and put out the light of life had taken possession of him without his having some admonition of it. But even after his own knowledge had been confirmed by other medical advice he brushed it all aside. It was magnificent the way in which he faced it, for he knew: his vision was straight to the open tomb. He came in and out here day after day, and at every moment death was at his elbow beckoning him away.

Finally disease made such inroads upon him that his step began to falter and his vision to fail. Darkness would come upon him even while he was about the Chamber, coming in and going out, coming to his office in the Senate Office Building, coming up on the street car, uncertain where to put his foot; but he shouldered ahead.

And then, month after month, week after week, day after day, waking and sleeping, in the midst of social cheer or in the still hours of the night, death was his constant companion, and he knew it. Before all others, I believe from what he said to me, his ear first caught the mandate that chills the blood and slows the pulse:

Be ye ready; the summons cometh quickly.

I remember the day when he went away, when he took me by the hand, looked into my eyes, and said, "Good-bye, old fellow; we will meet again." I saw in his eye, if we were to meet again, that it would not be here.

Making no complaint, giving no sign to friends, he prepared for the end of all things on this earth. All was at last in readiness, and then he turned to face death with that sublime courage with which he met all the experiences of life. His step grew feebler, his strength waned, and, finally, with family and friends about him, his world narrowed to the sick room. Through it all he forgot self, the tortures of disease, all else but manly fortitude. He turned the serious words of his physicians into jests and forced his naturally buoyant spirits and splendid courage and rare humor into play. Ah, none who saw him can ever forget the touching pathos of those last few days. Outside the world's affairs went on in their accustomed way; but within the sick room was the awful suspense—that mute unrest—which signifies the termination of life. Family and friends were close about him and went down with him to where our finite span of time meets and merges into the infinite.

And so he died, one of the strongest, most courageous souls given to the public service in our time. "He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again."

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHNSON, OF SOUTH DAKOTA

MR. PRESIDENT: In accordance with a time-honored custom of the Senate, we have met here to-day to give expression of our respect and love for our departed Member and coworker, Hon. HARRY LANE, late of the State of Oregon. While I do not know of anything that I could say which would add to his memory, willingly do I respond to the call to say a few words at this time, weak though they may be, in regard to his life as I knew him.

My acquaintance with Senator LANE began in the winter of 1914, when I came to Washington to assume my official duties. That is not a long time as marked by years; but I have worked many days and months with him on the Senate floor and various committees, and, I believe, learned to know him well. My admiration and respect for him increased as time passed. He was a consistent and tireless worker, possessed of that strong and rare quality of always having the courage of his convictions. He loved sincerity, hated hypocrisy, and had no place in his conception of the ideals of men for the demagogue. He lived a simple, homely life, yet he lived a life of luxury—the luxury of doing good for others. He was the champion of the rights of mankind, a true friend of the oppressed, the poor, and the needy; and yet, in the midway of his usefulness, he was taken away. We can seek his counsel and advice no more.

The Scriptures tell us that all who live must die and those who die will live again. I do not know what reward awaits him in the next world for the good things he has done here, but I do know that for all good deeds performed on this earth we have our just reward—the re-

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ward of having conscientiously done our duty as we see it, and I am sure he had his.

Senator LANE was a man who always gave freely of his knowledge and means to all in need. He will be greatly missed by those of us who knew him. He possessed to a marked degree the three greatest precepts of man—obedience to God, loyalty to friends, and fidelity to family. He never knowingly did an act that was intended to deceive or injure anyone, while his life, as we knew him, was marked with candor and sincerity.

My friends, the loss of such a man in public life is a real misfortune to the Nation. At home his death is looked upon by his friends and neighbors with genuine sorrow and regret, and to his wife and family, whose happiness he had ever in mind, his departure is most distressing and almost unbearable, and as we assemble here to-day to honor and pay tribute to his memory our hearts go out to them who were left behind, those who were so dear to him.

May the Great Ruler in his divine wisdom comfort them and be with them always.

Mr. McNARY. Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator I move that the Senate adjourn until Tuesday, September 18, at 12 o'clock meridian.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Tuesday, September 18, 1917, at 12 o'clock meridian.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THURSDAY, May 24, 1917.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Waldorf, its enrolling clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to take order for superintending and attending the funeral of the late Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

In compliance with the foregoing resolutions, the President pro tempore had appointed as said committee Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Vardaman, Mr. King, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Gronna, and Mr. Norris.

Mr. MANN. Mr. Speaker, let the resolutions be read.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President pro tempore to take order for superintending and attending the funeral of the late Senator.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. SINNOTT. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR LANE

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.
The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 88

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, a Senator of the United States from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That a committee of 12 Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following as members of the committee to attend the funeral: Mr. Hawley, Mr. Sinnott, Mr. McArthur, Mr. Johnson of Washington, Mr. Dill, Mr. Evans, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Mays, Mr. McClintic, and Mr. Raker.

ADJOURNMENT

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the next resolution.
The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 5 o'clock p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, May 25, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, September 17, 1917.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Waldorf, its enrolling clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. HARRY LANE, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public service.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.



PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Witnessed That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Henry L. Davis, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

Resolved That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and his distinguished public services.

Resolved That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.